UED MISS CISNEROS FOR THE JOURNAL

ketches in the Illustrated Newspapers of Havana, Cuba.



pered Spanish sentences, terms of endearment and friendship, and calling multiplied ctions down upon our heads for our efforts to save her

"It's easy enough to say be still," she murmured indignantly. "You haven't been

locked up in here for a year!".

It was almost impossible to keep her quiet, and it was not until Hernandon sternly bade her cease talking that she be-

We went to work quickly, and without the s'ightest waste of time. We carried two Stilson wrenches, one quite small, the other nearly the largest size made for ordinary use. With the smaller one I gripped the bar below where the cut was made and locked the handle of the wrench behind my leg. I then gripped the upper part of the bar with the large wrench and swung all my weight forward upon the handle. The strain was more than Bessemer steel could have stood, and I felt the bar yield like cheese, then snap with a clear, ringing sound that we feared must have been heard at the palace. We dropped at once and lay listening for a few seconds, but there was no alarm. I then caught the bar in my hands and pulled it toward me Slipping it across my knee near the thigh, I grasped it fizzly and straightened up. The bar came with me. Then, stooping, I placed my shoulder under, and, grasping the crossbar above my head, drew myself up, bending the bar well up above the opening. I then caught it with the wrench again and twisted it into a huge

Evangelina was by this time on her knees in front of the opening I had made. Although as stout-hearted and brave as any soldler who ever bore riffe, she was going through the crucial period of the entire incident, so far as she was concerned. Freedom was hers to grasp, and she hungered for it and struggled for it like a starving man in sight of food. While I was bending the bar back out of the way I had to stop and beat her bands off mine. She clutched the iron and tore at it in her endeavors to help me in a way that would have ex-

The moment the bar was out of the way she relaxed with a little moan and dropped to the floor inside the window.

(Continued on page 31.)



Interior de la casa num. 1 del callejon de O-Farrill, por donde que se fugo la Cosio.-De fotografia. Interior of No. 1 O'Farrill street, from which Miss Cisneros fle



Encargado de la Carcel de Mujeres, don Jose Quintana. — De fotografia.

Don Jose Quintana, warden of the prison for women (La Recojidas) .- From a pho-





Dona Ana Milan de Rendon, Presidenta de la galera en que se hallaba la S'rita Cosio. - De fotografia.

Dona Ann Milan de Rendon, matron of the section in which Miss Cisneros was confined. - From a photograph.

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Exterior de la galera de la Carcel de Mujeres. Num. I-Barrote de hurro por donde se fugo la

Senorita Cosio.—De fotografia. Exterior of the court of the woman's prison No. 1 (La Recojidas), showing the balcony from which Senorita Posio escaped.—From a photograph.

as we stood lenning across the parapet of our house toward the azotea of the jail, we could plainly see, tied about the bars of the window, the white handkerchief which had been agreed upon as a signal. The moment we saw that we knew that everything was all right within the jall; that the cut bar had not been discovered, nor the attempt to drug the inmntes of the room in which Miss Cisneros was confined. As the inside of the window was in darkness, however, it was impossible to discover from where we stood whether Miss Cisneros was at the

That white patch on the darkness of the window seemed to stare out of the night

"How could they miss it?" whispered Mallory, "Why, if a Spaniard saw that handkerchief, it would take him until day after tomorrow to realize it was worth asking about," was the hissed response

Somehow we could not feel as sure of that as we would have liked to.

We spent a few minutes in accurately summing up the situation before we set
to work. At least a dozen windows commanded a view of the roof on which we were to work, and from one of them the night before had come many mysterious noises, as though some one within had frequently opened and closed the heavy shutters. There was the possibility that we had been watched and our attempt of the night before reported to the authorities. We tried to ascertain if any preparations had been made to trap us, but apparently everything was as serene as the

The night itself was as perfect as any I had ever seen in Cuba. The chill of the early morning hour was beginning to be feit. The stillness was crystallized, and not the slightest sound jarred the perfect calm of the moon-ruled night. The quarter-hourly Jangle of the bells from a near-by church belfry seemed the living part of the dead silence, and affected the quiet of the hour ne more than the light breeze that occasionally wandered across the roofs. From amenal and barracks floated out every ten minutes the long, wailing cry of the sentinels: "Sentinel alerta—a-ler-r-r-r-ta," and then the answering call from a dozon other sentries. But these sounds were but as parts of the mosaic of that night.

Everything being in readiness for our attempt, the ladder was quickly raised and thrust across the parapet until it rested upon the cornice of the jail. In a second Hernandon, the lightest man in the party, had crossed and was standing on the roof of the jall, Mallory and I holding the ladder.

When Hernandon turned around with his back to the window and leaned across the parapet to steady the ladder for us, we held our breaths. Just what we expected is hard to say. Had our work of the night before been discovered it was quite on the cards that instead of the gentle little Cuban, 'I'l there would be walting at the window a select firing squad of guards. In the white moonlight we must have made the finest marks in the world. Maybe, then, we were waiting for a crash and a flare from that window that would effectually end the attempt to save Evangelina. There was no way of finding out, and I quickly followed the vibrating ladder across the gap and stood beside Hernandon on the fall roof. Every window overlooking that roof was like the porthole of a man-of-war.

From the point where we reached the roof to the window is perhaps 35 or 40 feet, and we quickly traversed this space, passing as quictly as cats in our stocking feet. As we reached the window we saw Evangelina standing just within the window, her face drawn and white from the strain of suspense under which she labored. She had seen us plainly every time we came out upon the roof of our house, and feared every time we disappeared that we had given up the project. She reached out her hands to us with many little glad cries, rippling out in whis-

of think any one of us is a particuht. That they had to be whispered or elr force. It was that kind of a night. ot quickly into my shoes and slipped ing alone, with no slyn that the drivstreet for him and through the alwent out on the same mission, but ward that he had tied his horse there ie waited to have it delivered in an-

heavy shutters and began to pre-

w we felt on the verge of our enter-

is that we were very gay in the e seemed delicious, and that nothing

as softly as possible, carried up on

low of the parapet of the house, and

en we lay down upon the hard stone before the actual work of the even-

lay in the semi-darkness of the little

or the greater part of the time silent.

ent on the roof to take observations

we had ordered to await us was O'Farrill street, on Egido street. The

or away from the stand he had held

get him as far as possible from the

truct suspicion. Instead of moving a block nearer us, and within a

fore, fell into an uneasy sleep after

used in helping Miss Cisneros to

d been completed. it room of our little shanty. We had there was nothing to say, but for an an afternoon ten, simply because it do not recall who suggested the start, ng, and every man was looking into I words. Every man knew that the

is work!"

volver. It was like the "All's well" y own revolver gave the clicking rein order, anyhow.

nd brought out our surroundings some clever stage assistant. The was directly in the moonlight, and,